That you yet know not of; weele see our husbands!
Before they think of us?

Nerrissa. Shall they see us?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habite,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reed-voice, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speake of frayes,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not killd them:
And twenty of these punie lyes Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I have discontinued schoole
Above a twelve-moneth: I have within my minde,
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iackes,
Which I will practise.

Nerriss. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Port. Fie, what a question's that?
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my Coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke gate: and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clow. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid upon the Children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Ies. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Clowne.

Clown. Mary you may partly hope
not, that you are not the Jewes daugh
Iessica. That were a kind of bastard
of my mother should be visited upon
Clowne. Truly then I feare you are
mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* you
your mother; well, you are gone both
Iessica. I shall be sav'd by my h
Christian?
Clow. Truly the more too blame h
before, een as many as could well live
of Christians wil raise the price of hog
eaters, we shall not shortly have a rash
Enter Lorenzo
Iessi. Ile tel my husband *Launcelet*
Loren. I shall grow jealous of you
get my wife into corners.
Iessi. Nay, you need not feare us
out, he tels me flatly there's no mercy
I am a Jewes daughter: and he sayes
the common-wealth, for in converting
raise the price of porke.
Loren. I shall answer that better
you can the getting up of the *Negroes*
child by you *Launcelet*.
Clowne. It is much that the Moo
son: but if she be lesse then an honest
then I tooke her for.
Loren. How every foole can play
best grace of wit will shortly turne
grow commendable in none onely bu
them prepare for dinner.
Clown. That is done sir, they have
Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit sna
prepare dinner.
Clown. That is done too sir, onely
Loren. Will you cover than sir?
Clown. Not so sir neither, I know

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